DEATH.

Be patient and be wise! The eyes of Death I ook on us with a smile: her soft caress, I hat stills the anguish and that stops the breath, is Nainre's ordination, meant to bless our mortal wees with peacetal nothingness. He not afraid! The Power that made the light in your kind eyes, and set the stars on high. And gave us love, meant not that all should dielike a brief day beam quenched in sudden night. Think that to die is but to fall asleep and wake refreshed where the new morning breaks and golden day her rosy vigor takes. From winds that fan Eternity's far height and the white crests of God's perpetual deep.

WILLIAM WINTER.

WILLIAM WINTER, Written at Mentone, Cal., April 30, 1893.

PIETRO GHISLERI.

She had good nerves, and the certainty that the great lady was altogether in her power made her

"A very extraordinary thing happened to that letter," said Adele, looking up at her own face in the glass to give herself courage. "It was rather important. I had written to Padre Bonaventura, asking spiritual guidance, and I particularly desired an answer. But he wrote to me by return of post, saying that when he opened the envelope found only four sheets of blank paper without a word written on them. You see, somebody must have thought there was money in the letter."

They are such thieves at the postoffice!" exclaimed Lucia. "But this is a terrible affair, Excellency! What is to be done? The postmaster

must be sent to the calleys immediately! In Lucia's conception of the law such a sum-

mary course seemed quite practicable. I am afraid that would be very unjust, and could do no good at all," said Adele. "I am quite sure that the postmaster would not have dared to open a letter already registered and for which he had given a receipt. As for any one in the house having done it, I cannot believe it either. I gave it into your hands myself and you brought me back the stamped bit of paper-it is there in my jewel-case. I only wish you to find out for me, very quietly and without exciting suspicion, who took that letter to the post. If I could get it back I would give the person who brought it to me a handsome reward. You understand, Lucia, how disagreeable it is to feel that letter concerning one's most sacred feelings is

I cannot imagine anything more dreadful! But be easy, Excellency. I will do all I cap, and none of the servants shall suspect that I am ques-

lost, and has perhaps been read by more than one

"I shall be very much obliged to you, Lucia," said Adele. "Very much obliged," she repeated,

"It is only my duty to serve Your Excellency, who has always been so good to me," answered

Adele knew that there was nothing more to be said for the present, and she congratulated herself en diplomatic in her way of offering the bribe. Lucia would now in all likelihood take nor sent out of the castle. Lucia probably kent

it concealed in a safe corner of her own room, under lock and the attempt to get possession of it by force would be out of the question, as in most Italian houses the servants all locked their own rooms and carried the keys about with them. Lucia, of course, did like the rest.

But Lucia, on her side, distrusted her mistress. Knowing what she now knew of Adele, she believed her capable of almost anything, including the picking of a lock and the skilful abstraction.

Gerano did not offer any very great variety of the letter from its secret hiding-place. As soon as she was at liberty she weat and got the paper and concealed it in her bosom, intending to keep it there until she could select some safe spot in a room to part of the castle, where she might put it away in greater safety. To carry it about with her until Adele took her back to Rome would be rash, she thought. Adele might suspect where it was beginning to woneir low long was at nay moment, and force her to give it up, but it might be lost, which would be even worse.

The monotonous suffering of the past days in calk-built in added to enjoy what she could sale tried to enjoy what she could into him, and she tried to enjoy what she could with equality of the circle to enjoy the picking of a lock and the skilful abstraction.

Gerano did not offer any very great variety of the picking of a lock and the skilful abstraction.

Gerano did not offer any very great variety of the picking of a lock and the skilful abstraction.

Gerano did not offer any very great variety of the circle there was the usual drive of two or three bours in the hills. Then the and sample and the stone, or short in aimless and more or less amusing continued to extert a larger sum for it at some future time to extort a larger sum for it at some future time of the peak and and or offer any very great variety of the very station.

Gerano did not offer any very great variety of the woman was undoubtedly ignorant of the usual drive of two or three bours in the hills. Then the state, or she wo

horror as she remembered. Little by little they worked their way to the upper regions. In the guardroom, a vast hall which would have made a good-sized church, she showed him the great slab of stone the Prince had substituted for the wooden trap-door of former days, and which had merely been placed over the yawning chasm without plaster or cement, its own weight being enough to keep it in place. They passed over it and ascended the stairs in the tower, emerging at last into the bright sunshine upon one of the highest battlements. They sat down side by side on a stone

"It is pleasanter here," said Adele, "There is a sort of attraction about those dreadful old places. down below, because one never quite realizes all like an old-fashioned novel, all full of murder and sudden death. But the sunshine is much nicer, is it not? Shall we stay up here till it is time for breakfast?"

"By all means. It is a delightful place for a good Ghisleri was tired, and glad to sit down. "Then you must talk to me," continued his

companion. "Between the stairs and playing guide, I have no voice left. What will you talk "Between the stairs and playing about? Tell me all about your own castle. They say it is very interesting. I wish I could see it! "After Gerano it would seem very tame to you. It is mostly in ruins, and what there is left of it is very much the worse for wear. I would not advise you to take the trouble to stop, even if you

should ever pass near it."
"That is a way you have of depreciating everything connected with yourself," said Adele, "Why

do you do it?"
"Do I?" asked Ghisleri, carelessly. "I suppos I have the idea that it is better to let people be agreeably surprised, if there is to be any surprise at all. When you have heard that a man is insufferable, if he turns out barely tolerable you think him nice." "Then it is mere pose on your part, with the

deliberate intention of producing an effect?"

"Probably-mere pose." Ghisleri laughed; he looked at the woman at his side and wondered whether he could ever find out the truth about Arden's death, and the connection with it which, as he believed, she must have had,

She, on her part, did not even guess that he suspected her. The thought had crossed her mind on the previous afternoon, but she had very soon dismissed it. She found relief and change from

from the person."

"What!" Adde's voice rang through the room.
Do you want more money now? What is this comedy??

"The letter is not there—I—she does not know where it is. It is lost—Excellency——"

"Lost? Where did you hide it?"

Lucia was almost too frightened by this time to teil connectedly what had happened, but Adde understood before long that the maid had losked about for a safe place in which to hide the precious document, and had at last decided to slip it under the great slab of stone which had been already mentioned as covering the opening of the outliette between the guardroom and the tower. Lucia had found that on one side, owing to the irregularity of the old sovered there was read to have the regularity of the old sovered the regularity of the old sovered the great shad of stone which had been already mentioned as covering the opening of the outliette between the guardroom and the tower. Lucia had found that on one side, owing to the irregularity of the old sovered the great shad of stone which had been already to mentioned as covering the opening of the outlier of the covering the covering the opening of the outlier of the covering the covering the covering the covering the covering the opening of the outlier of the covering the cover of the old pavement, there was room to lay the hand in so as to withdraw them again. She was, of course, quite ignorant that the stone covered a well of which the shaft penetrated to the lowest foundation of the castle, and that one touch of her hand, or a gust of wind, was enough to send the light sheets over the edge close to which she had unwittingly placed them. Adele still pretended to be angry, but she drew a long breath of relief. She knew the exact spot at which to look for again, scolding Lucia for her carelessness all the time, and doing her best to be very severe. Lucia bore all that was said to her very meckly, for she had expected far worse. In her opinion some one had accidentally discovered the letter, and taken it, and would make capital out of it as she had meant to do. Her disappointment was so great, as the sum of five thousand francs had seemed to her enormous, but her fear soon vanished when she saw that Adele had no intention of doing her any bodily injury, nor, apparently, of dismissing her again. That the papers were really gone from the place of concealment she knew beyond a doubt. and had thrust it under the slab, bending low and looking into the crevice. Nothing white of Adele dressed herself for going out and left the

any sort had been visible. room. But instead of joining her husband and Ghisleri at once, she turned out of the main passage by the cross corridor which led to the courtyard, went out and walked quickly down the inclined road by which she had led Ghisleri to Paolo Braccio's dungeon. There, where the shaft of the oubliette came down, she was quite sure of finding the little package of sheets which meant so much to her and which had almost meant a fortune to Lucia. She crossed the worn pavement rapidly. There was plenty of light from the grated windows high up under the vault, and she could have seen the paper almost as soon as she entered the place. She stopped short as she trached the foot of the channel in the wall. There was nothing there. She stared up into the blackness above in the lone of sessing a white thing caught and in the hope of seeing a white thing caught and sticking to the stones, but she could not distinguish the faintest reflection of anything white. Yet she was convinced that the thing must have fallen all the way. The shaft, as she well knew, was quite perpendicular and the masonry compact

in a bad hamor. I generally am, even now." "Why do you say even now?" asked Laura, ching his face. Oh, I hardly know," he answered. "All sorts

of things have happened to me since them to sim-plify my existence. At that time it was very particularly complicated."

she was doing for some garment of little Herbert. "Why do you sight" he asked, not expecting that she would answer the question.

"For some one," she said simply, and she began to make a few stitches.

He knew that she was thinking of Maddalena dell' Armi, and his heart smore him.

"I was wrong to say it," he answered, in a more gentle tone. "There was perhaps one exception to the rule."

Ghisleri grew even more careful of his speech after that. But he did not see Laura often before she went away northward for the sammer. The spring was going fast, and the time was coming when Rome would be its quiet, old-fashioned self again for those few who loved it well enough to face the heat of July and August. Almost every one was thinking of going away. The Prince and Princess of Gerano were going out to the eastle earlier than tastal, for the news of Adele grew steadily worse. Francesco now had the doctor out regularly three times a week, and was forged, to lead it will refer to the castle earlier than tastal, for the news of Adele grew steadily worse. Francesco now had the doctor out regularly three times a week, and was forged, to lead it will read to be a week, and was forged to the doctor out regularly three times a week, and was forged to lead in the contract of the castle earlier than tastal, for the news of Adele grew steadily worse. Francesco now had the doctor out regularly three times a week, and was forged to lead in the castle earlier than the latter that the doctor out regularly three times a week, and was forged to the castle earlier than tastal, for the news of Adele grew steadily worse. Francesco now had the doctor out regularly three times a week, and was forged to a lead to be done with it. As we shall not meet for several months, people will forget to talk. An I right to speak to you?

Perfectly right, answered Ghisleri. An expression of pain had settled on his lean face while she had been talking, and did not disappear at once. Laura saw it and was silent for a moment. "I am sorry if I have hurt you enough to face the heart of July and August. Almost every one was thinking of going away. The Prince and Princess of Gerano were going out to the castle earlier than usual, for the news of Adele garew steadily worse. Francesco now had the doctor out regularly three times a week, and was forced to lead an existence he detested. His wite was by this time quite unable to get rest without taking very large quantities of cidoral, and at times her safferings were such that it seemed almost advisable to give her morphine. Every one, lowever, who brought intelligence from Gerano agreed in saying that she did her best to keep up, and seemed to dread the idea of an illness which might keep her permanently in the said briefly, by way of explaining the truth.

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while.

"At all events, it is good of you to say so. Which of the tirree subjects do you mean to take for your letters to the your reading, your food or your repentance?"

"The food would be the simplest and safest topic. You can read fir yourself what you please, Repentance, when it is not a imbit, is rarely well done. But one can say the most charming things about strawberries, peaches and figs without ever offending any one's tasts."

"I think you grow worse as you grow older," said Laura, still smiling. "But if you would take your programme seriously it would not be a land thing, I funcy. Seriously, however, you ought to get away from Rome."

"I should be tempted to go and stay a week near you if I went away at all," said Ghisheri.

Lura did not answer at once. She glanced

plify my existence. At that time it was very particularly complicated."

"And how have you simplified it?" She put the question innocently enough, and quite thought-lessly, not even guessing at the trath.

"It has been simplified for me. It came near being simplified into being no existence at all. A few inches made the difference."

"Yes," said Laura, thoughtfully, "the greatest of all differences to you."

"And none at all to any one clse," a kied Ghisleri, with a dry laugh.

She turned her great dark eyes upon him. The lids drooped a little as she scratinized his face s mewhat coldly, out with an old interest.

"I suppose that might be quite true," she said at last. "Peri as it is. But I do not like you any the better for saying it in that way."

Ghisleri was silent, but he met her gaze quictly and without flinching, until she locked away. She sighed a little as she took up a bit of embroidery she was doing for some parment of little Herbert.

"Why do you, sigh." he asked, not expecting that she would answer the question.

"For some one," she said simply, and she began to make a few stitches.

He knew that she was thinking of Maddalena.

Ile knew that she was thinking of Maddalena and to be done with it. To me and to you it seems thoroughly about it. To me and to you it seems thoroughly about font you should not seem think about it. To me and to you it seems thoroughly about that you should not seem ther where we choose to meet. There are many reasons why I should look upon you as a friend and why you should come more often than any other man I know. But the world they know what a place this is and how every one talks about everybody. Unfortunately I believe that you are one of the men about whose private afters society is most basy, I cannot believe that to say anything about your life, nast or present, but you have told me enough about your self to make me understand why there is always gossip about you, and why there always will be then to say all this once, and to me who you and tho to that," she will no "I would rather you should not do that," she

emotional, and I ask you to believe—this offee—that I am in earnest. I have something to say to you. May 1? Will you listen to me? You and I cannot part with two words and a nod of the head, like common acquaintances."

"I will hear all you care to say," answered Maddalena, simply. "And I will try to believe

Lura did not answer at once. She glanced at him with a vague suspicion in her eyes which disappeared almost instantly, god then took two or three stitches in her embroidery before she are the conversion was softened. The He looked at the pale face and the small, perfect features before he spoke, to see if they were as hard as they often were. But for the moment the expression was softened. The evening glow played softly upon the bright hair, and threw a deep, warm light into the violet eyes, as she turned toward him.

"What is it! she asked, as he seemed to hesitate." Has anything happened? Are you going to be married?"

The question shocked him in a way he could not explain.

"No. I am not thinking of marrying. We

"No. I am not thinking of marrying. We have been a great deal to each other, for a long time. But for my fault—and it is, of course, my fault—we might be as much in one another's lives as ever. We used to meet in the summer, but that will not happen this year. When you come back, we may both be changed more than we think it possible to change at present."

"In what way?"

"I do not know. Perhaps, when we meet again, we shall feel that we are really and truly devoted friends. Perhaps you may hate me altogether—"And you me."

"And you me."

"No, that is not possible. I am not very sure."

"No, that is not possible. But that, at least, I know." "And you me."

"No, that is not possible. I am not very sure of myself as a rule. But that, at least, I know."

"I hope you are right. If you are not my friend, who should be? So you think I hate you. You are very wreng. I am still very fond of you. I told you so the other day. You should believe me. Remember, when it all ended, it was you who had changed—not I. I am not reprosehing you. I might say that you should have known yourself better than to think that you could be faithful; but you might tell me—and it would be quite as just—that I, a woman, knew what I was doing and had been taught to look upon my deeds as you never could. But it was you who changed. If you had loved me, I should have loved you still. Little things showed me long ago that your love was, on the wane. It was never what it was in those first days. And now I have changed, too. I love what was once, but if I could have your love now as it was at its strongest and best, I would not ask for it. Why should I? I could never trust it again, and anything is better than that doubt. And I want no consolation.

"Indeed, I should have very little to offer you worth your accepting," said Pietro, in a low voice.

"If I needed any, the best you could give me would be what I ask—not as consolation at all, but as something I still believe worth having from you—and that is your honest friendship."

Ghisleri was moved in spite of himself. His face grew paler and the shadows showed beneath his eyes where Maddalena had so often seen them.

"You are too kind—too good," he said in an unsteady tone.

[The last time bg had said almost the same words

steady tone.
(The last time hg had said almost the same words